

# THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME II.

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## THE EXAMINER.

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PAUL SEYMOUR,  
PUBLISHER.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of the Examiner.

GENTLEMEN:—In the series of letters addressed to the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, I have sought attention to those circumstances which belong to the system of slavery—and in their operation thwart the design of my original design. I wish to call attention to the disadvantages under which a minister must always labor in a slaveholding community.

1. He cannot preach the whole truth to a mixed congregation. This position is steadily occupied by the whole "rank and file" of pro-slavery men, and their apologists—who are constantly crying, "Preach the Gospel—that is your business, let civil matters alone." Let the Gospel be preached—but what is the Gospel—a single proposition, announcing the redemption of the world? or does it comprehend the whole of God's truth revealed to man? The latter without doubt. Then the whole is to be preached—fully—freely. Where, in the whole length and breadth of slaverydom, can a minister take for his text, "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, even so do ye to them, for this is the law and the prophets," and clearly develop and faithfully apply its principle, without exciting the jealousies of the masters or the discontent of the slaves? Must he not do as the Romans did, in the use of a similar tale, exclude the slaves—or, like the bigoted Jew, confine its application to his brethren? Does common opinion in Christian Kentucky, in the Christian South place the slave within the provisions of this sacred Canon? Why? Because to confess its application to them, in the soberest sense in which it can be understood, would virtually abolish the whole system of slavery—men intent upon its perpetuation see this—and hence an approach to its true meaning in the discussions of the pulpit, unless accompanied by exceptions, not to be misunderstood, is denounced as fanatical Abolitionism, and the preacher as a true disciple of the abolition school! To avoid this reproach the truth is waived, softened down, or smoothed over, to suit the tastes of the hearers. But it is answered further, that the Apostles preached the Gospel where slavery existed, and recognizing the relation, pointed out the mutual duties of masters and slaves, and, therefore, the relation is a proper one. Very recently I heard a minister of high standing in our church take this position, and argue at length in its support. The Apostles preached the Gospel to Gentiles who had not the knowledge of God—and abstained from interfering with the civil institutions of any of the countries where they preached—they recognized the relation of master and servant, but does it follow that it is, therefore, a right relation? Many who embraced Christianity were the servants of heathen masters, who knew nothing of the authority of the Church. It was meet for them to be advised to quietly bear the yoke, that the doctrine of God might not be blasphemed—but others were in families that had embraced Christianity. To them they said, "But if you mayest be free choose it rather."—While to Christian masters they said, "Masters give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a master in heaven." From this plain exhibit of the relative duties of servants and masters, the conclusion is legitimate, that the Apostles established a principle which must inevitably abolish slavery in all Christian families. They do not say to the slaves "it is better for you to be slaves," but, "as thou called being a servant care not for the Lord's sake"—"BUT IF THOU MAYEST BE FREE CHOOSE IT RATHER," as being better for yourself—better for the Church—better for all concerned. To the masters they do not say, "It is right to hold on to your slaves," but, "Masters render unto your servants that which is just and equal," not on the principles of heathen morality, but what is so in the light of Christianity. As though they had said—we have told your servants that liberty is better than bondage—we now tell you, it is better, and enjoin that you give to them, as co-heirs with yourselves, that which is just and equal between members of the same great family. Moreover we have said, "he not ye, therefore, the servants of men." Yet we have advised none to runaway—asserting violently his freedom, but have said to them, "Let every man wherein he is called, therein abide with God."—Could any mistake this teaching of the Apostles? Did not every man to whom this letter was read see at once its duty in regard to his servants? The epistle to Philemon is perfectly consistent with the preceding view; and the gentle intimation of the 21st verse, "Having confidence in thy obedience, I wrote unto thee, knowing that thou wilt do more than I say," is, by the common consent of commentators, to the emancipation of Onesimus. And they generally hold that Philemon did emancipate him, and that Onesimus, the emancipated slave, became a bishop in the Church of God.

Emancipation was universal in the primitive Church, and although the notices of slavery in early Church history are very few, they are sufficient to justify this conclusion. The fact that the Apostles recognized slavery, does not prove it right—nor does the additional fact that they prescribed the duties which the relation creates, prove it any more than John the Baptist's advice to soldiers proves that war is right.

The acknowledgment of existing relations did not satisfy them—and the want of a direct injunction—"Thou shalt not hold a slave," is supplied by the whole scope and tenor of the Christian system—which is destined to accomplish the great objects of its mission to mankind, not by the outward pressure of positive law, but the force of an inward principle.

CLEROS.

Under the Bridge, Aug. 10th, 1848.

MESSENGERS EDITORS:—The Nashville Christian Advocate of the 4th of August, contains some very singular editorial remarks upon the numbers of CLEROS in your paper. Cleros seems to have disturbed the tranquility of the worthy Editor, by continuing to "infect his numbers on the readers of the anti-slavery paper at Louisville." The Editor had before called the attention of his readers to the numbers of Cleros, and had apprised them, that, in his opinion, Cleros was very ignorant of the history of the doings of the Methodist Church on the subject

of slavery, or, that he was wanting in candor. This called forth a reply from "the man under the bridge," establishing his claim to knowledge and fairness in the use he made of Methodist history, by such testimony as the Advocate has not been able to gainsay or resist. The worthy Editor then retired from the conflict and ceased to read the numbers of his friend, which were so "stupidly anti-slavery" in their character, that he could not meet them in the way of fact or argument, and, no doubt, he thought it best to forbear any further attempt in that line. But most unfortunately for his reputation, after "happening just now to glance at some of the numbers of the man under the bridge," he undertook the remarks to which we now wish to call your attention. We have no doubt they were penned, just as they profess to be, without having read the numbers of his opponent, save the mere "accidental glance" he just now made. A mere "glance," however, is sufficient to enable a man to clip a sentence from his connection, and thereby to miss the meaning of the author, and set up a man of straw that perhaps he can demolish more easily than he can parry the blows of a real opponent; and an editor thus decided advantage in that sort of warfare—he can attribute opinions and doctrines to his opponent, and by not letting his readers know the man's own way of stating his "faith" or of defending it, he can make many of his readers suppose he has gained a victory indeed. A remarkable instance of this sort is before us. Speaking of Cleros, he says: "He has made the discovery that it is impossible for one in a state of slavery to do his duty to God," and having made up the statement in this form, he proceeds to apply the *reductio ad absurdum* with a vengeance. If, however, the man of the advocate had read the article before him, instead of "glancing," before he proceeded to comment upon it, he might have perceived that in arguing with Christians, especially Methodists, the moral duty of seeking, in a lawful way, the removal of the system of slavery, it was pertinent to appeal to facts showing that by interfering with the domestic relations, rendering marriage and paternal ties precarious—slavery is inconsistent with the full performance of the obligations involved in the relations of husband and father as prescribed in the scripture. Cleros has said, "Slavery so effectively destroys all these relations among slaves, that the discharge of the duties belonging to any one of them is impossible, except to a limited extent." Now, with all his flourish of rhetoric about the absurdity of the doctrine of Cleros as stated in the Advocate, will the Editor himself undertake to maintain, in so many plain words, that the existing system of slavery does not "so effectively destroy these relations," in a great multitude of instances, "among slaves," as to hinder the duties prescribed to "husbands and fathers" if he will not, and of this I feel very sure, then all his declamation about the inability of men or devils to prevent us from doing our duty falls beside the mark. The question is not whether any man is held responsible for not doing prescribed duties under unavoidable circumstances of impossibility. But is it right for Christians, voluntarily, to support, abet, and uphold a system of slavery upon a portion of their fellow-Christians which so destroys their domestic relations as not to permit the husband to protect, and support, and live with his wife, or to bring up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? I know the Editor can say, with great gravity, when the slave is torn from his wife, and his children divided among the heirs of his master, and he is not probably permitted to see them once a year during their youth; that he is not wanting in duty when he leaves his weeping wife and no longer watches over his children. That mighty slave, "impossibility," shields him. True, this may shield him from guilt before God, but will the Editor say as much for the Christian or Methodist slaveholder, and supporter of a system which thus in its inevitable operation separates the husband and the wife—the parent and the child, without so much as asking their consent? Or will the Nashville Christian Advocate contend that the new Testament code of morals, as it relates to the domestic relations, are all swallowed up in that one command "servants obey your masters," or as it is paraphrased by some, "slaves obey your masters." We agree that this precept binds the slave, and we are far from teaching him to runaway or to disobey his master. But when we address the master and the community in his behalf, we think it altogether pertinent to appeal to the workings of the system in the way of social injustice, and as a method to strive by all lawful means to extricate the slave from slavery. I need not say the Methodist Episcopal Church South is pledged by her discipline to this course, and although it has been prophesied she will yet withdraw that pledge, and we are fearful she will at some time do it, still she has not yet done it. And while she stands to the pledge we can see no impropriety in urging her sons to the performance of it.

In conclusion, we think the Editor would improve the tone and influence of his paper, by sparing himself those groundless and ill-natured personalities about the advocacy of "negro stealing, abolitionists," and "want of candor." To meet an argument and expose its error will go a thousand times farther with "men of sense" than to abuse and vilify an author without exposing the fallacy of his arguments.

AN OBSERVER.

August 10th, 1848.

### Bathing.

The skin should be kept clean. The best mode of invigorating it, besides exposing it to the air, is to bathe the surface of the body frequently in cold water—this at all seasons of the year. To men who are delicate, and not accustomed to exposure of person to the air, I would particularly recommend them, when they commence bathing, if in cold water, to do so in a well heated room. This ablution of the body with cold water, I think should be done every day in the year. Many persons shudder at the idea of using water upon their persons in cold weather. I think it is then the most useful. In the cold winter of 1836-7, the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, D. D., one of the oldest Episcopal clergymen in Philadelphia, called at my house on one of the coldest days. The old man was about 75 years of age, and of a very light, thin figure. In the course of conversation he chanced to remark, that he did not feel as well as usual that day, because he had forgotten to take his bath that morning.

"Why," said I, "Doctor, you do not take a cold bath such weather as this?" "I have been in the habit of bathing in cold water every day, in all seasons of the year, for more than 50 years." Few men ever enjoyed more uninterrupted good health during a long life, than Dr. Abercrombie.

Fetch on the Lungs.

### Correspondence of the Evening Post.

Lowell—Its Corporations—Statistics of its Manufactures—appearance of the City—Character of the Operations.

Among the many places of interest in Eastern Massachusetts, Lowell stands prominent. A capital stock of \$12,460,000, owned by twelve corporations, is here invested in manufacturing. The Merrimack, the largest of the corporations has a capital stock of \$2,000,000. The other companies have a capital stock, varying from \$1,800,000 to \$210,000. These companies employ between twelve and thirteen thousand hands, two-thirds of whom are females. The mills and factories of Lowell, consumed last year 637,000 lbs. of cotton and 46,000 lbs. of wool per week. They used 25,400 tons of anthracite coal, 36,300 bushels of charcoal, 2,790 cords of wood, 1,190,000 lbs. starch, and 765 bbls. of flour.

The aggregate of cotton and woolen goods made in Lowell per week, is nearly 2 millions of yards, or about 200 miles per day, which is enough to reach from Boston to Albany. At this rate, they make cloth enough in a year to girdle the earth three times. During the last year, the proportions of cotton and woolen goods made was as follows:—1,920,900 yards of cotton, 21,291 yards of woolen, and 6,500 yards of carpeting. The proportion made at the present time is about the same.

The Merrimack is the largest of the Lowell corporations. It runs 67,965 spindles and 1,920 looms. It employs 2,245 hands, 1,600 females, and 645 males. It makes 345,000 yards per week and consumes 79,000 lbs. of cotton. One of its factories is 365 feet in length and 155 in breadth, and six stories in height. The rooms occupy the entire floor in a story. In two of the rooms there are each 320 looms and 100 girls. In another room there are 20,000 spindles and 60 girls. This building has been recently erected, and the machinery in it is of the most perfect and improved kind.

The printing works of this corporation are well worth visiting, and also the carpet works of the Lowell company.

In addition to the mills, where are made the various articles of broadcloths, and cassimeres, and drillings, the visitor should examine the extensive works of the "Lowell machine shop." This company employs 800 hands, and uses 4,000 tons of iron annually. They make all kinds of cotton and woolen machinery, locomotives, steam engines, and machinists' tools. They can furnish machinery complete for a mill of 5,000 spindles in three months, which is about the time required for the erection of a building.

The average wages of females per week, clear of board, is \$2; of males per day, clear of board, 30 cents.

Lowell has three banks, two institutions for savings, an insurance company, and a public library of 7,000 volumes. The present population of Lowell is about 30,000. In 1820, it was only 200; in 1830, 6,477; and in 1840, 20,981.

In its general appearance, Lowell is neat and pleasing. The factories and mills are built in the form of a hollow square. The ground enclosed is generally neatly turfed and planted with shade trees, and in some instances adorned with shrubbery and flowers. Every thing about the mills is kept perfectly neat, and also within them so far as possible.

The girls in the mills were generally neatly clad, and they exhibited in their countenances and in their manner more intelligence and refinement than I anticipated finding. Great care is taken by the conductors of these mills not to admit any as operatives, but moral and worthy persons; and it is thought by those who know most of the operatives, that they would not suffer in comparison with an equal number of laborers in any other community.

### Copper Region—Singular Discovery.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Express, writing under date of June 14, from Ontonagon, Lake Superior, says:

Mr. Knap, of the Vulcan Mining Company, has lately made very singular discoveries here in working one of the veins, which he lately found. He worked into an old cave which had been excavated centuries ago. This led them to look for other works of the same sort, and they have found a number of sinks in the earth which they have traced a long distance. By digging into those sinks they find them to have been made by the hand of man. It appears that the ancient miners went on a different principle from what they do at the present time. The greatest depth yet found in these holes is thirty feet—after getting down to a certain depth, they drifted along the vein nearly to an open cut. These cuts have been filled nearly to a level by the accumulation of soil, and we find trees of the largest growth standing in this gutter, and also find that trees of a very large growth have grown up and died, and decayed many years since; in some places there are now standing trees of over three hundred years growth.

Last week they dug down into a new place, and about twelve feet below the surface found a mass of copper that will weigh from eight to ten tons. This mass was buried in ashes, and it appears they could not handle it, had no means of cutting it, and probably built fires to melt or separate the rock from it, which might be done by heating, and then dashing on cold water. This piece of copper is as pure and clean as a new cent; the upper surface has been pounded clear and smooth. It appears that this mass of copper was taken from the bottom of a shaft, at the depth of about thirty feet. In sinking this shaft from where the mass now lies, they followed the course of the vein which pitches considerably; this enabled them to raise it as far as the hole came up with a slant. At the bottom of the shaft they found skids of black oak, from eight to twelve inches in diameter—these skids were charred through, as if burnt; they found large wooden wedges in the same situation. In this shaft they found a rainer's gad and a narrow chisel made of copper.

I do not know whether these copper tools are tempered or not, but their make displays good workmanship. They have taken out more than a ton of cobblestones, which have been used as mallets. These stones were nearly round, with a score cut around the centre, and looked as if this

score was cut for the purpose of putting a with round for a handle. The Chippewa Indians all say that this work was never done by Indians. This discovery will lead to a new method of finding veins in this country, and may be of great benefit to some. I suppose they will keep finding new wonders for some time yet, as it is but a short time since they first found the old mine. There is copper here in abundance, and I think people will begin to dig it in a few years. Mr. Knapp has found considerable silver during the past winter.

### Improvements in Machinery and the Progress of Manufactures.

We extract the following sensible remarks on late improvements in manufactures, from a late English Factory Report, made by Mr. Leonard Horner, on the 30th April last. He remarks: As improvements in machinery lessen the cost of production, they tend to consume; and the enlarged demand for the manufactured article creates a demand for more labor. The truth of this maxim has been in no degree contradicted by the experience of the last ten years; for during that time improvements in machinery, tending to supercede manual labor in particular processes, have been constantly going on; and although other causes have contributed to lower the prices of cotton manufactures, the number of persons employed in their production has greatly increased since 1838. In my report, dated the 20th January, 1842, I showed that during the 1st of January, 1839, and the 31st of December, 1841, there had been in my district alone an increase of horse-power sufficient to give employment to 16,750 persons. In my report of the 7th of July, 1843, I mention that a still further and considerable increase in the number of cotton mills had taken place, and in that dated the 16th of May, 1845, I state that the increase of steam-power, in new mills and in addition to those already existing, from the 1st of January, 1844, had been equal to 4,500 horses, which would give employment to not less than 18,000 persons above the number employed at the close of 1843. But the substitution of machinery for manual labor, which is likely to take place in consequence of the increased restriction, must do more than cover the loss occasioned by the restriction, before it can so reduce the cost of production as to cause an increase of consumption that will give employment to the persons displaced.

### Economy in Linen Washing.

A correspondent of a Dundee paper writes as follows:—"After many experiments made by myself and others, I find that a little pipe-clay, dissolved among the water employed in washing, gives the dirtiest linens the appearance of having been bleached, and cleans them thoroughly with about half the labor, and a saving of full one-fourth the soap. The method adopted was to dissolve a little of the pipe-clay in the warm water in the wash-tub, or to rub a little of it, together with the soap, on the articles to be washed. This process was repeated as often as required, until the articles to be washed were made thoroughly clean. All who have made the experiment have agreed that the saving of soap and labor are great; and that the clothes are improved in color equally as if they were bleached. The peculiar advantage of employing this article with the soap is, that it gives the hardest water almost the softness of rain water."

### The Learned Bishop.

A friend who was in Higham yesterday took occasion to visit the little girl who he said had succeeded in taming the fishes in a pond at that place, so that they would eat out of her hand. He found that the stories which have been told in relation to these fishes were not exaggerated.

The little girl who has thus acquired a control over the usually shy inmates of the water is about seven years old. She is small of her age, and is a very interesting and intelligent girl. She goes to the edge of the pond with a piece of bread in her hand, and calls her pets, in her childish though musical voice, "pouty, pouty, pouty." The fish in the pond, principally pout-pouts, with some pickered and other fish, immediately flock to the rock on which she stands, and receive from her hand the food which she has provided. They seem not to be in the least afraid of the little girl, but suffer her to handle them without moving. One large pout in particular seemed considerably pleased at being patted on the back. With a view of testing the tameness of the fish the mother of the little girl took a piece of bread and went to the water's edge. The fish came toward the bread, but, discovering probably that it was offered by a stranger, immediately darted away.—*Boston Journal.*

### Jenny Lind.

We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of recording a generous and truly characteristic act of this exquisite singer and noble-hearted woman, which has just come to our knowledge. Madame Solari, the well-known *seconda donna* of her Majesty's Theatre, has recently been suffering under a pulmonary complaint, of so serious a nature that physicians have announced the necessity of her immediately relinquishing her profession, and returning to her native land. Yesterday, when on the point of departure, the afflicted artist received a note signed "Jenny Lind." The gifted writer, after expressing in terms of delicate kindness her lively sympathy with her sister vocalist, adds that she cannot allow her to depart without some token of remembrance and regard—that Madame Solari must not deprive herself of any comfort which her sister requires—and that if at any time she should feel the need of a friend, she must write to "Jenny Lind." The letter contained a bank-note for £100.—*London Morning Chronicle.*

### Geological Discovery.

Not far from the right bank of the Nicolaika, in the government of Tobolsk, in Siberia, a rich mine of stones has been discovered, in the midst of the establishment for the washing of auriferous sands. These stones, says GALLIENI, present a perfect resemblance to diamonds, except that they are a trifle less heavy and less hard, though harder than granite. Russian mineralogists propose to call the DIAMANTOIDS.

### Progress of Missions.

At the monthly Missionary meeting, on Sabbath evening, it was stated, that a letter had just been received from Rev. Dr. King, who has returned to his family and his missionary labors, at Athens. During his absence of a year, the rage of his enemies had probably somewhat subsided; but the reason of his return was, that from a change in the Government, his persecutors had been superseded by those friendly to Dr. K., and had gone out of the country, having received appointments to some office. The editor of "The Age," another of his persecutors, having published an abusive article against one of the Professors of the College at Athens, had so excited the indignation of the students, that they had publicly flogged him.

Thus, Providence seems to have prepared the way for the peaceful return of the Missionary to a city where a year ago his life was in imminent peril. He hopes that the time has come when the preaching of the Gospel will make a deeper impression upon the hearts of the Athenians than it has hitherto done.

The remarkable escape from fire of the Mission Chapel at Pera, was also noticed. It seems that while fires are promptly extinguished in Constantinople, a city of mosques, and directly under the eye of the Sultan, at Pera, not more than a quarter of a mile distant, across the "Golden Horn," firemen will work only for pay; and at the late fire they suffered more than a thousand houses to burn, with but very little effort to prevent the destruction, when the Sultan having signified his displeasure that such dreadful ravages were permitted, the firemen applied themselves in earnest to extinguish the flames, just in time to save the chapel.

From Dr. Bridgman, of Canton, a letter was read, dated April 13th, urgently appealing for more missionaries to be sent to China. Dr. B. had been to Shanghai, to assist the missionaries of different denominations in preparing a translation of the Scriptures, and had been deeply impressed by the immense population of the country, and with the importance of greatly increasing missionary effort.

The population of China, he says, may be safely estimated at four hundred and fifty millions—at least equal to all the rest of the heathen world; and the fact that the same language is read by this whole multitude, he thinks is a very strong argument for increasing missionary operations. In view of these considerations, added to the fact that so little has yet been done, there having been sent from America only twenty-seven missionaries, of all denominations, he asks, will not some of those who meet in Boston at the next annual meeting (in September) take up the subject and plead for China.

Rev. Mr. Meigs, of India, mentions, as among the encouraging signs of the times, that the supporters of heathenism themselves are apprehensive that it is about to pass away. This fear has led to public lectures in defence of Hindu idols, or of the principal deity, in many of the temples. The people are ready to acknowledge the folly, and to some extent the sin, of idolatry; but they are not ready to relinquish it. They are, he says, the slaves of Satan, and his fetters of iron and brass are not easily broken.

A letter was also read from Dr. Scudder, of Madras, giving an account of a missionary tour in the country of Tondimand Rajah, and of several interviews with the King of Tondimand, who imitates the English in dress, manners and equipage. Among other languages, he speaks the English quite fluently, though not eighteen years old. He has a very good English library for English visitors, and a bungalow, provided with ample accommodations, for their temporary residence. The King received him very graciously at his palace, seated Dr. Scudder's daughter at his left hand on the throne, adorned them with flowers, and sprinkled their handkerchiefs with perfumed water. He, the same day, called on the Dr. and invited Mr. Scudder and her daughters to a ride with him in an English carriage, while Dr. S. rode with the King's brother. The Dr. urged the King to read the English New Testament in his library, but he said he could not, his Lord Bishop, who has entire control of his religious sentiments, would not permit him. When they were about to leave, the King wrote a letter to Mr. Scudder, urging them to remain several days longer. Dr. S. thinks that place, Pothacotta, favorable for a mission station. During this tour, Dr. S. preached several times a day usually, distributed tracts and books, and performed several surgical operations.

Rev. Mr. Hume, of the Bombay Mission, gives an account of a tour made by himself and Mr. Fairbank, of the Ahmednagar Mission, into the Southern Concan, visiting most of the important places on the coast for two hundred miles, to near the foot of the Great Mountains. They were uniformly received with the utmost kindness by the people. They found everywhere an eager desire for books. In no part of India, says the writer, is the proportion of Brahmins so great, and with few exceptions they are more or less educated. They were generally respectful and attentive hearers, wherever congregations were addressed. The villages are represented to be quite superior to other portions of the Mahatras country. In the larger villages schools are supported by Government, giving instruction in geography, grammar, arithmetic, history, geometry, &c., which must do much to destroy confidence in Hinduism. In many of the temples were in a ruinous condition. Some spoke of the neglected idols with pity, others with the greatest contempt.

Rev. Mr. Benjamin, of the Smyrna Mission, has recently made a tour of several days' journey into the interior of Asia Minor, during which he visited Ak Hissar, the ancient Thyatira, where the Apostles planted a church, mentioned in the Apocalypse. Though beautiful for situation, Mr. Benjamin says, it surpasses all the cities he had seen for miserable houses, which are built of mud, and seem ready to fall down with the next rain. He found no remains of the ancient city of any interest. An Armenian priest said there were 250 of his nation in the city. He was not aware, till informed by Mr. B., that the ancient city was mentioned in the New Testament. He admitted that as a Christian he had obligations

### resting upon him, and was not prepared to give account of himself to his Master, but steadily through the week he did not.

OUR GRAIN.—The weekly saying, "All the grain of various kinds from stores of Greece and Asia Minor, is sold here in the market room of the Custom House, and the price is very low."

The Church of the Revolution, contained in the "Atlas," is a very interesting and important work. During this tour, Mr. Benjamin found multitudes eager for books.—*Boston Atlas.*

### Interesting Statistics.

1. The number of soldiers furnished by the American States during the Revolution, and the population of each State in 1790 and 1847.

2. Principal battles of the Revolution, their several dates, commanders-in-chief, and losses on each side.

3. The extent of Continental territory, and support the war, and the estimated cost in specie.

4. States admitted into the Union since the organization of the Federal Government in 1789, the date of admission, and the population at each session thereafter, and in 1847.

5. Area of the several States, population to each square mile, and the number of enrolled militia in the Union, estimated to 1847.

### REVOLUTIONARY STATES.

Soldiers.	Pop. 1790.	Pop. 1847.
New Hampshire.	12,447	141,800
Massachusetts (inc. Me.)	17,097	1,140,000
Rhode Island.	6,908	69,110
Connecticut.	21,963	281,000
New York.	178,000	2,280,000
New Jersey.	16,726	181,120
Pennsylvania.	43,340	2,250,000
Delaware.	5,286	69,000
Maryland.	12,410	119,000
Virginia.	26,728	1,270,000
North Carolina.	7,263	765,000
South Carolina.	10,000	765,000
Georgia.	2,269	825,000
Total.	231,971	3,280,500

### BATTLES OF THE REVOLUTION.

Where and when fought.	A. C. & loss.	B. C. & loss.
Lexington, April 19, 1775.	81	248
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.	433	1,200
Plattsburgh, Aug. 13, 1776.	500	400
Monmouth, June 28, 1776.	300	300
Trenton, Dec. 25, 1776.	1,500	1,000
Princeton, Jan. 3, 1777.	1,000	1,000
Red Bank, Aug. 26, 1777.	1,000	1,000
Brandywine, Sept. 26, 1777.	1,000	1,000
Long Island, Oct. 17, 1777.	1,000	1,000
Clouds, June 26, 1778.	1,000	1,000
Red Bank, Dec. 19, 1778.	1,000	1,000
Stony Point, July 15, 1779.	1,000	1,000
Camden, Aug. 16, 1781.	1,000	1,000
Germantown, Sept. 26, 1777.	1,000	1,000
Guilford, March 16, 1781.	1,000	1,000
Guilford Springs, Sep. 5, 1781.	1,000	1,000
The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Oct. 19, 1781, closed the war.	1,000	1,000

\* 5,702 British taken prisoners.

### CONTINENTAL MONEY.

Amount issued in 1775.	\$2,000,000
do do in 1776.	\$2,000,000
do do in 1777.	\$2,000,000
do do in 1778.	\$2,000,000
do do in 1779.	\$2,000,000
The whole expenses of the war, estimated in specie, amounted to \$135,000,000.	

### STATES ADMITTED SINCE 1789.

State.	Date.	1st Census.	Pop. 1847.
Vermont.	1792	104,845	364,000
Kentucky.	1792	220,463	328,000
Tennessee.	1796	100,602	300,000
Ohio.	1803	1,054,116	1,512,000
Louisiana.	1803	137,773	470,000
Indiana.	1800	147,788	500,000
Missouri.	1820	68,000	600,000
Alabama.	1819	127,301	600,000
Arkansas.	1836	69,488	250,000
Florida.	1845	10,000	100,000
Michigan.	1836	212,267	370,000
Illinois.	1809	129,020	1,000,000
Wisconsin.	1836	13,000	130,000
Minnesota.	1858	215,000	215,000

\* For 1847, the estimate is from the Report on Patents; total, 291,746,000.

### AREA, AND MILITIA OF THE STATES.











## The Deserter's Home.

There is a lonely homestead,  
In a green and quiet vale,  
With its tall trees rising mournfully,  
To every passing gale;  
There are many ruins round it,  
In the sunlight gleaming fair,  
But moss-grown is that Syrian cot,  
Its walls are grey and bare.

Where once glad voices sounded,  
Of children in their mirth,  
No whisper breaks the solitude  
Of that deserted hearth.  
The swallow from its dwelling  
To the low eave hath flown,  
And all night long the whippoorwill  
Sings by the threshold stone.

No hand above the lattice,  
Ties up the trailing vines,  
And through the broken casement panes  
The moon at midnight shines;  
And many a solemn shadow  
Seems standing from the gloom,  
Like forms of long departed ones,  
Peeping that dim old room.

Oh, where are those whose voices  
Rang out o'er hill and dale?  
Gone!—and their mournful memories  
Seem but an oft-told tale.  
Some to the quiet churchyard,  
And some beyond the sea,  
To meet no more as once they met  
Beneath that old roof-tree.

Fame and ambition lured them  
From that green vale to roam,  
But as their dazzling dreams depart  
Regretful memories come.  
Of the valley and the homestead,  
Of their childhood pure and free,  
Till each worn, weary spirit yearns  
That home once more to see.

O, blest are they who linger  
Mid old familiar things;  
Where every object round the heart  
Its hallowed influence brings,  
Though won as wealth and honors,  
Though reached fame's lofty dome,  
There are no joys like those that spring  
Within our childhood's home.

## The Ugly Duckling.

BY CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[If our information be correct, we know nothing in this country of Danish literature, except through the medium of German translations; and the genius of these two languages unluckily has no correspondence whatever.—But the translation we now offer to our readers, has not merely a direct value as being taken from the Danish direct—it is a curiosity in itself, being the production of a young Danish lady, Zora Groos, of Kolding, who is self-taught in English, who never was out of her own country, and who never, except on one occasion, even conversed with a native of England.—This want of ordinary opportunities, our readers will see, has not prevented her from acquiring a competent knowledge of English; and we know that she is able to read Shakespeare with great enjoyment. We may add, that in this curious piece Andersen is supposed to have alluded to his own career.—EDS. CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.]

It was very lovely in the country, for it was summer; the corn was yellow and ripening, and in the green meadows stood the stork on his long red legs, and talked Egyptian, for that was the language his mother had taught him. Round the fields and meadows were large woods, and in the woods dark blue lakes. Oh, it was a lovely scene! In the bright sunshine stood an old manor-house, surrounded by a wall and a deep moat; and from the wall down to the water grew large leaves, so large and high, that a little child might stand upright under some of them; and here a duck lay upon her nest; she was brooding over her eggs. But at this time she was very weary, for she had set long, and she had very few visitors; the other ducks liking better to swim on the moat than to sit under the leaves and quack with her.

At length one egg cracked after another, and the little ones were hatched, and the little ones put forth their heads and cried, "Peep, peep!" "Quack, quack!" said the mother duck; and then the little ones looked abroad from under the green leaves, and their mother suffered them to look as long as they liked, for the green color is very pleasant to the eyes, and not at all hurtful.

"How large the world is!" said all the little ones; for now they had more space to look about them than when they were in the egg.

"Do you think this is the whole world?" said the mother. "Oh no; it reaches far on the other side of the garden, even to the clergyman's meadow; but there I have never been. I hope you are all here," said she, as she rose from her nest. "Ah! no! the largest egg is still there. How tedious it is!" and the poor duck lay down again.

"How do you do?" said an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

"One of my eggs will not hatch," answered she; "but pray look at my others; are not they the loveliest ducks you ever saw?" They are the very image of your father, the rascal, who does not even pay me a visit.

"Let me see the egg that will not hatch," said the visitor; "surely it is the egg of a turkey!" "I was once imposed upon in the very same manner, and the little ones very troublesome to me; for I must tell you they are afraid of the water. Leave off trying to hatch that egg, and teach your other ducklings to swim."

"I will try it yet a little longer," said the poor duck.

"Do as you like," replied her visitor, and away she went.

At length the great egg cracked. "Peep, peep!" said the young one when he came out; but oh, how large and how ugly he was! The poor duck stared at him.

"What a wonderful large creature!" said she; "none of my others look like that. I hope it will not turn out to be a turkey; but that will soon be settled, for he shall go on the water, even if I push him in myself."

The following day the weather was lovely, the sun shone upon the large green leaves, and the mother duck with her whole family went to the moat; and plash in she plunged into the water. "Quack, quack!" said she, and all her little ones followed her, smoothly gliding upon the waves; and they were all there, even the great ugly gray creature was also swimming.

"No, it is no turkey," said she. See how nicely he uses his feet, how well he bears himself; he is my own little one after all; and indeed he is not so ugly. Now come all of you with me, and I will introduce you to the world, and present you to the poultry-yard; but you must keep near me, and beware of the cats."

So they went to the poultry-yard; here they found a terrible uproar, for two families had laid claim to an old's head, which the cat seized.

"Such is the world," said the mother duck, wiping her beak, for she, too, had taken a fancy to the cat's head. "Now make haste; come and curtsy to the old duck there; she is the grandest of the whole poultry-yard; she has Spanish blood in her veins; and see, she has a red ring tied round one of her legs; that is a most delightful thing, and the greatest honor a duck can obtain: it signifies that she is not to be lost, but that both animals and men are to know her. Come on; look to your feet; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide, like father and mother."

er, now curtsy to her, and say "quack!" And they did so as well as they could; but the other ducks around said aloud, "What are we to have here also, as if we were not ugly without them?—and look how ugly that one is; we will not suffer him to be among us; so a duck ran and bit him in the neck."

"Let him alone," said his mother; "he does no harm."

"No; but he is such an immense creature, and looks so odd," said the duck that bit him.

"Your children are very pretty, my good woman," said the old duck with the red ring round her leg; "very charming, save that one which has not prospered so well; I wish he could be remodelled."

"That is impossible, your ladyship," replied the duck. "He certainly is not handsome, but he has a kind heart, and he swims so nicely, quite like the others—nay, perhaps somewhat better; and as he is a drake, the beauty is not of much consequence. I think he will be very strong, and then he will get well through the world."

"Your other ducklings are charming," said the Spanish duck. "Now regard this as your home; and if you should find a fish's head at any time, you can bring it to me." And thereupon they looked upon the poultry-yard as their home. But the poor duckling that was so large and so ugly was scorned and laughed at by the whole poultry-yard. The hens and ducks said, "He is such a huge ugly creature; and the turkey-cock, who was born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an emperor, puffed out his feathers, like a ship under sail, and marched straight up to him, and gobbled at him till his head grew red as fire. The poor duckling knew not whether to run or stand still; and felt very sorrowful at being so ugly, and the laughing-stock of the whole poultry-yard."

Thus it was the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was despised by them all; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him; and said often, "Would that the cat might catch thee, thou ugly one!" and even his mother said, "Would that thou wert far from hence!" And the ducks still bit him, and the hens pecked him, and the servant who fed the poultry kicked him away with her foot.

At length he flew over the hedge, the little birds in the bushes were terrified. "Ah, it is because I am so ugly!" thought the poor duckling; and he stole away. On he wandered till he came to the great fens, where the wild geese dwelt; and there he lay awake the whole night, weary and sorrowful. Next morning the wild geese flew up, and then they discovered their new comrade. "What sort of a creature art thou?" said they; and the duckling turned to all sides, and made his best reverence. "Thou art very ugly," said the wild geese; "but no matter, if thou dost not marry any of our family." Poor creature! he did not think of marrying; if he were but suffered to lie in the reeds, and drink the muddy water in peace.

"Bang! bang!" two wild geese fell dead in the fens, and the water grew bloody. "Bang! bang!" whole troops of wild geese flew up, and then the report was again heard. It was a large shooting party. The sportsmen surrounded the fens; some were seated in branches of the trees. The blue smoke from the guns hung like a cloud over the dark leaves and the water; the dogs searched the fens. What a season! The poor duckling! He turned his head in order to hide it under his wing from such dreadful sights, and saw an immense dog with flashing eyes and red tongue. He opened his mouth, showed his sharp white teeth, and slunk off. "Thank Heaven," thought the duckling, "that I am so ugly that even the dog will not bite me; and he kept quite still while the shots were rushing through the reeds."

Some time after, all became silent, but yet he dared not move. He waited several hours; then at last he looked round, and left the fens as fast as possible. Away he ran over the fields and meadows; and the wild blew so high, he could hardly go on. About midnight he reached a poor little cottage. It was so miserable that it did not know to which side to fall, and therefore it stood.

The wind grew higher and higher; and looking eagerly for a shelter, the poor duckling saw that the door fitted so miserably, that there was room for him to creep in through the crack; and so he did.

There an old woman lived with her cat and hen—the cat could catch mice, mew and purr; and the hen laid good eggs, and the old woman loved them both as if they had been her children.

Next morning they discovered the poor duckling, when the hen began to cackle and the cat to mew: this attracted the attention of the old woman. "What is the matter?" said she; and soon she too observed the duckling, and being short-sighted, thought it was some very large fat duck that had lost its way. "What a good catch I have got; now I shall have duck's eggs! Ah! I hope it is no drake; that she shall soon see."

And she waited three weeks, but had no eggs. And the duckling found that the cat was master of the house, and the hen was mistress; and whenever they conversed, they always said, "We and the world!" and they thought themselves the greatest and best part of the world. Sometimes the duckling attempted to be of another opinion, but the hen would not permit it.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked she.

"No," replied the poor duckling.

"Then hold your tongue."

And the cat would say—"Can you catch mice, mew, and purr?"

"No."

"Then you must be silent when wisest people are speaking."

And the duckling sat in one corner of the room, and was always very sad. He thought of the open air, of the sunshine, and he longed to glide once more upon the water. At length this desire grew so strong upon him, that he told it to the hen.

"What an idea!" said she. "You have nothing to do, and therefore you have such fancies. Lay eggs, or catch mice, and you will soon forget them."

"But it is so delightful to swim upon the water," said the duckling; "so delightful to bathe in it; to plunge one's head under it."

"Delightful indeed!" answered the hen.

"You have lost your wits to a certainty, as the cat, the cleverest creature I know, if he would like to glide upon the water! Or even ask our mistress, the old woman (wisest there is none in the world), if she would like to swim in the water indeed, or dive under it."

"Alas! you do not understand me," said the poor duckling.

"But if we cannot understand thee who can? Do you think yourself wiser than the cat, or the old woman, or even than me? Thank Heaven, my child, for your happiness. Do you not live in a warm room; and have you not made profitable acquaintances in the cat and me? But you are ungrateful, and it is not pleasant to hold intercourse

with such; you may rely upon me that I wish you well, for I tell you all these unpleasant things; and that is the sign of a true friend. Now do your best to lay eggs or catch mice."

"I will go out into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Pray do," answered the hen.

The wretched duckling left the cottage; he soon met with some water; he plunged into it, and swam over it in rapture.

It was now autumn; the leaves in the woods became yellow and brown, the wind whirled them around, and then hurled them away, the air became cold, the clouds were heavy with hail and snow; it was a miserable time for the poor duckling.

One evening, just as the sun was setting, a whole troop of large beautiful birds rushed forth from the bushes; the duckling had never seen anything so fair; they were dazzlingly white, with long slender necks; it was a troop of swans. They spread their large, glorious wings, and flew away from the cold lands to warmer countries—to the sweet blue lakes; they soared higher and higher, and the poor ugly duckling was quite bewildered with their loveliness and their powers. He could not forget them, those beautiful, those happy birds, he knew not their name, nor whether they flew, but he felt such love to them as he had never felt for anything before; he did not envy them; how could he think of being like them, poor ugly creature, who would have been glad if even the ducks had suffered him to live among them.

Winter came and with it the piercing cold of the north; the duckling was soon obliged to keep swimming round and round in the water of a pond, to prevent its freezing; but every night the hole grew smaller, and he was compelled to move his feet incessantly to keep it open; at length he became very faint, and lay quite benumbed in the ice.

The next morning a peasant passed, saw him, broke the ice with his wooden shoe, and bore him home, where he was brought to life again; and the children wanted to play with him; but the duckling was afraid of them, and in his terror he flew up into the milk-dish, so that half the milk was spilt. The peasant's wife began to scream; this frightened him into the butter-tub, then into the meal-box, and out again. Heaven! how odd he looked, all milk and meal! And the woman attempted to reach him with the tongs, and the children ran after him, laughing and screaming. What luck for the poor duckling that the door was open! Away he ran, and plunged into the snow, where he lay in a sort of lethargy.

But it would be too sad to describe the misery of the wretched creature during the long winter. When the snow melted, he found himself lying in the fens; soon the sun began to shine warmly, and the larks to sing—the sweet spring was come. Then at once he raised his wings; they were far larger than when he last spread them, and bore him rapidly away: soon he saw himself in a large garden, where the apple-trees were blooming, where the lilacs exhaled their fragrance, and dipped their long green branches in the deep-dwelling river. Everything was full of beauty, and upon the water floated three fair swans, lightly skimming the waves with their dazzling wings. The duckling recognised the beautiful birds, and his heart throbbed. "I will fly to them, the kindly birds. Perhaps they will kill me, because I am so ugly have ventured to approach them; but no matter—better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked away by the servants, and suffer all that I have done through the long rough winter; and he swam towards the beautiful swans; they saw him, and approached. "Kill me," said the wretched creature, and bowed his head to the surface of the water, and expected instant death. But what did he see in the clear waves? His own image! and lo! he was no longer a clumsy, swarthy bird, ugly and despicable—he was himself a swan! (It matters not to have been born in a poultry-yard, if one has but been in the egg of a swan.) He was almost glad he had suffered so much. Now he knew better how to value all the happiness that surrounded him. And the swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children came into the garden, and cast bread and cakes into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, "There is a new swan!" and the other children repeated joyfully, "Yes, there is a new one!" and they clapped their hands, and danced, and called their father and mother, and bread and cakes were thrown to him, and they all cried, "The new swan is the most beautiful—so young and fair!" and the old swans bowed to him.

Then he felt quite bashful, and hid his head under his wing, he knew not why; but he felt too happy, but not proud; for a kind heart never becomes proud. He felt how despicable he had been, and now he heard himself praised as the fairest of these fair birds; and the lilacs bowed to him with their graceful branches; and the sun shone out brightly. Then his eyes sparkled, he lifted his slender, elegant neck, and full of joy, he exclaimed, "I did not dream of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling!"

## Corilla.

The following interesting sketch, from the Athenaeum, of the prototype of Madame De Staël's Corinne, will be new to most of our readers:—

Corilla died at sixty, in the year 1800. She must, therefore, have been an old woman, near the end of her brilliant career, when Rosini kept her among the frequenters of La Fourni's saloon, her real name was Maddalena Morelli, and by marriage with a Spaniard in the employment of the government at Naples, Maddalena Fernandez. She was born at Pistoia, of parents in humble circumstances; and was adopted for the sake of her beauty and precocious talents by the Princess Colanubano, who took her to Naples, where she married. Her vivacity, beauty, and talents, especially that for improvisation, made her at once "the rage" at Naples.

Her renown rapidly spread throughout Italy; and we find her visiting Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Venice;—and everywhere reaping fresh laurels and praises from princes and potentates of all sorts. Of the worthy Signor Fernandez we hear nothing whatever the while. It is to be supposed, that like a good bird, he stayed at home to keep the nest warm. In 1765, his gifted spouse went to Inspruck, at the invitation of Maria Theresa, "per cantare le nozze di Maria Luigia di Borbone" with Pietro Leopoldo. On her return from Germany, loaded with honors and presents of all sorts, she was made "reale poetessa" (a royal poet, not a real poetess, gentle reader!) with a pension from the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

In 1776, we find her once more at Rome, where she became at once the passion of the "Arcadi." These gentle shepherds named her one of their "pastorelle," and gave her the Arcadian name of Corilla, in the Olympian,—by which she thus ever af-

ter known. "This honor," says the historian, "she merited by two *accademie*, in which she treated twelve subjects in various ancient metres with exquisite poetical beauty, profound learning, and such rapidity that Nardini, the professor, who accompanied her on the violin, was not able to keep up with her." In the following year she was crowned at the Capitol, on the 31st of August, 1776, after a fresh exhibition of improvisation, "*sui temi filosofici e teologici*," (on philosophical and theological themes.) This was the culminating point of her glory. Cardinals, princes, and prelates vied in feigning her; poets from all parts of Italy poured in their tribute of incense. But in the midst of all this glory, as is usually the case, it began to appear to some that the Roman world were disproportionately lavished of applause to a lady who had, after all, but made some tolerably melodious verses; such as hundreds of others could make in any desired, or rather undesired, quantity. This one time taken, the revolution is generally violent. The ridicule of the thing was felt—and poor Corilla (tell it not in Arcady) was laughed at. Old Pasquin took up the cudgels, lampoons rained fast and thick, and Corilla left Rome,—in no want, however, of an honored asylum. For Paul the First, and Catherine the Second, of Russia, invited and pensioned her. Joseph the Second, of Austria, invited her to his capital. But she preferred Florence, where she seems to have passed the remainder of her life, admired, honored, and beloved, in the enjoyment of aesthetic *cau sucree* (an Italian Countess would in those days as soon have thought of giving her guests rubarb as tea), and in the courteous interchange of those Arcadian laudations and literary insipidities which were so much then in vogue.

## Device of an Arab Lady.

For the edification of those who imagine they can penetrate the designs of women, we have translated, from a French volume on Oriental manners, the following little story. To understand it, we have to inform our readers that among the Orientals it is customary to agree for a time to pay a stipulated forfeit if a husband receives from a wife, or a wife from a husband, anything whatever, without previously pronouncing the words "*Diadeste*." Each, therefore, practices the greatest ingenuity to throw the other off his or her guard.

A philosopher of that country, who was by no means insensible to female charms, had often worshipped at their shrine, and as often, as he thought, had suffered from their wiles and caprices. He had determined to become wiser. He collected a number of stories of female cunning, and copied them into a book, which he always carried about him, as occasion might require to consult it.

One evening as he was passing through an Arab camp, he noticed at the entrance of one of the tents a young woman of uncommon beauty. She saluted him as he passed, offering that he might enter and rest from his fatigue. Scarcely had he taken his seat on the carpet, and near the beautiful creature, when he became alarmed, he drew his book from his pocket and began to read, without daring to cast a single glance at his fair neighbor.

"That must be a charming book," said the lady, "to engross your whole attention so."

"Indeed it is," replied the philosopher, "but it contains secrets."

"Which certainly you would not conceal from me!" said the lady, with an irresistible smile.

"Since you will have it so," retorted the philosopher, "it contains a complete list of all the arts and wiles of cunning women—but I am sure you could not learn anything from it, and so it would not interest you."

"Are you certain that your list is complete?" said the lady again.

Thus the conversation was gradually resumed, the philosopher pocketed his book, and so far forgot himself and his system of philosophy that he was kneeling before his lady, holding one of her hands between his own; and who knows what might have been the result, had not the lady espied at a distance her husband, who was returning home. Struck with terror, she exclaimed, "I see my husband at a distance, returning homeward! Should he find you here, he will put both of us to death. I see but one chance for your escape, conceal yourself in this box, of which I keep the key."

It may be supposed the philosopher did not long hesitate to conceal himself, and the lady locked the box and drew the key. As the Arab entered his tent, the lady met him with a smile saying, "You come in good time—for a stranger, calling himself a philosopher, stopped at our tent to rest, but so far forgot himself and propriety, as to talk to me of love."

The Arab began to foam at the mouth with rage; but who can describe the agony of the philosopher, who could in his retreat hear every word that was spoken! "Where shall I find the wretch?" exclaimed the Arab, "that my sword may put an end for ever to a similar presumption!" "Here, in this box," said the lady holding out the key.

The enraged Arab snatched it out of her hand, but she soon retook it in a fit of laughter. "Instantly pay me a forfeit, for I have caught you at last accepting a thing without pronouncing the word *Diadeste*."

For awhile the Arab stood as if petrified, and after recovering a little from his anger, said—"I have lost, and must pay the forfeit, but let me request you hereafter to gain your ends without giving me such bitter vexation."

After a while the Arab had to attend to other business, and left his tent, and the lady unlocked the box, in which she found the poor philosopher more dead than alive. On saying, "you are safe," the philosopher vaulted nimbly from his retreat. "Depart in peace," said the lady to him, "but do not forget to record this day's occurrence in your book."

## Love's Lesson.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

Minna mine! across the meadows  
Rippling run two timid streams,  
Singing now through twilight shadows,  
Sparkling now in noontide beams.  
Like thy cheeks the flow'rs that blossom  
Near them, and those eyes of thine  
Shame the best of their waves embosom,  
Minna mine!

Minna mine! those streams sailing,  
Hence together hold their way;  
Plainly to my vision writing,  
(What else, Minna, could they say?)  
"Nature's law is one of union!"  
Such, too, is the law divine—  
Beautiful and bold communion,  
Minna mine!

Minna mine! I know not whether  
I the lesson read aright;  
But if streams thus come together,  
And their destinies unite,  
Why may not the heart that liveth  
Only in the love of thine,  
Gain the boon for which it striveth,  
Minna mine!

**Generosity of Ashbur.**  
The sight of a learned man in want made even the staid Ashbur too uneasy, that he could not forbear lending him money. The prudently economical Addison for some time freely opened his purse to remove the difficulties of his friend Steele, produced by foolish extravagance. There does not seem to exist the slightest confirmation of the story of Addison having put an execution into Steele's hands to recover a sum of money which he owed him. In the letter to his wife, written in August 1708, Steele mentions that he has "paid Mr. Addison the whole one thousand pounds," and at a later period he says, "Mr. Addison's money you will have to-morrow noon." It is related of Goldsmith, whose heart adored humanity, that he enlarged his list of pensioners as his finances increased, and that his charity extended even to his last guinea. Once having visited a poor woman, whose sickness he plainly perceived was occasioned by an empty cupboard, he sent her a pill-box containing ten guineas, bearing the inscription, "To be taken as occasion may require."

He was frequently deceived by impostors, who worked upon his generous sympathies with fabricated tales of most lamentable misfortune; but no feeling mind will harshly condemn him for his unsuspecting credulity and overflowing humanity. In his unbounded philanthropy he exclaims—  
"Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
To see the hard of human bliss so small:  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
Some spot to real happiness consigned;  
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,  
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest."

Gray, in one of his letters, written in 1761, says that Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, the writer on natural history and agriculture, lives in a garret in the winter, that he may support some near relations, who depend upon him. He is always employed, always cheerful, and is an honest, worthy man. Voltaire was ever happy to assist persons in distress, especially young persons of talent struggling with difficulty. The grand-daughter of the great dramatic poet, Peter Corneille, being destitute of money and friends, attracted the sympathy of Voltaire, who supported her for three years; and having by that time finished her education, he married her to a gentleman. Voltaire not only gave her a marriage-portion, but he wrote, and published by subscription, for her benefit, a commentary on the works of her celebrated grandfather, whereby she obtained in a short time, fifty thousand livres. The King of France subscribed eight thousand livres, and some foreign princes followed his example: the Duke de Choiseul, the Duchess de Grammont, and Madame de Pompadour, subscribed considerable sums. M. de la Barde, the King's banker, took several copies, and greatly increased the sale of the work by his zeal in promoting the benevolent intentions of Voltaire. To an unfortunate bookseller at Colmar, whose affairs were much deranged, Voltaire made a present of his "Annals of the Empire," and also lent five thousand livres. Two brothers, respectable citizens of Geneva, having invited him to print his productions there, he complied, and made a present of his works to them in the same handsome manner as he had done to the bookseller at Colmar.

Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreat, in company with his Delia (Miss Wilmot), when a rather unpleasant intruder rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Delia faintly, while Shenstone quietly surrendered his purse, anxious to see the back of the man as quickly as possible.

The robber seized the money, drew his pistol in the water, and immediately decamped. Shenstone ordered his foot-purse to pursue him at a distance, and observe whether he went. In a short time the lad returned, and informed his master that, having traced the man to his home, he peeped through the keyhole of the door, and saw him throw the purse to his wife, and then taking up two of his poor children, one on each knee, he said to them he had ruined his soul to keep them from starving, and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Having learned that he was a laborer, reputed honest and industrious, but oppressed by want and a large family, Shenstone went to his house, when the man, kneeling down at his feet, implored mercy. The poet not only forgave him, but provided him with employment as long as he lived.

When Lord Byron resided in the Albany, Piccadilly, a young lady, an unsuccessful poetess, who was friendless, and involved in difficulties through the misfortunes of her family, whose distressed state deeply preyed upon her mind, resolved, on the plea of authorship, to introduce herself to Byron, and solicit his subscription to her poems.—From a perusal of his works, she concluded that he was of an amiable disposition, and in difficulties through the misfortunes of her family, whose distressed state deeply preyed upon her mind, resolved, on the plea of authorship, to introduce herself to Byron, and solicit his subscription to her poems.

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All the water blushed as he got up; the deck was all red; the steersman gave his helm to another, and prostrated himself on the deck, and bowed his head eastward, and praised the Maker of the sun: it shone on his white turban as he was kneeling, and girt up his bronzed face, and sent his blue shadow over the glowing deck. The distances, which had been grey, were now clothed in purple; and the broad stream was illuminated. As the sun rose higher, the morning blush faded away; the sky was cloudless and pale, and the river and the surrounding landscape were dazzlingly clear.

Looking ahead in an hour or two, we saw the Pyramids. Fancy my sensations, dear M—; two big ones and a little one:

There they lay, rosy and solemn in the distance,—those old, majestic, mystical, familiar edifices. Several of us tried to be impressed; but breakfast supervening, a rush was made at the coffee and cold pies, and the sentiment of awe was lost in the scramble for victuals.

Are we so *blases* of the world that the greatest marvels in it do not succeed in moving us? Have society, Pall Mall clubs, and a habit of sneering, so withered our organs of veneration that we can admire no more? My sensation with regard to the pyramids was, that I had seen them before: then came a feeling of shame that the view of them should awaken no respect. Then I wanted (naturally) to see whether my neighbors were any more enthusiastic than myself.—Trinity College, Oxford, was busy with the cold ham: